

The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,  
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,  
In deadly hate the one against the other,  
And if King *Edward* be as True and iust  
As I am subtle, false and trecherous:  
This day should *Clarence* closely bee mewd vp,  
About a prophesie which sayes that G.  
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.  
Dine thoughts downe to my soule,  
Heere *Clarence* comes, Enter *Clarence* with  
a Guard of men.  
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard  
That waits vpon your grace?  
*Cla.* His maiesty tending my persons safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.  
*Glo.* Vpon what cause?  
*Cla.* Because my name is *George*,  
*Glo.* Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should for that commit your god fathers:  
O belike his maiesty hath some intenc  
That you shall be new christned in the tower,  
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?  
*Cla.* Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest  
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,  
He herkens after prophesies and dreames,  
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,  
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,  
His issue disinherited should be,  
And for my name of *George* begins with G,  
It followes in his thought that I am he;  
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,  
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.  
*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,  
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,  
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she  
That tempts him to this extremitie,  
Was it not she and that good man of worship  
*Anthony Woodville* her brother there,  
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliuered?  
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

of Richard the Th

*Cla.* By heauen I thinke there is no  
But the queenes kindred, and night w  
that truge betweene the King and M  
Heard you not what an humble supp  
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deli  
*Glo.* Humbly complayning to her L  
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libe  
He tell you what, I thinke it were ou  
If we will keepe in fauour with the K  
To bee her men and were her liuery,  
The iealous ore-worne widdow and l  
Since that our brother dubb them Ge  
Are mighty gossip in this monarchy  
*Bro.* I beseech your graces both to p  
His maiesty hath straightly giuen in o  
That no man shall haue priuate confe  
Of what degreec soeuer with his brot  
*Glo.* Euen so and please your worshi  
You may pertake of any thing wee sa  
We speake no treason man, we say the  
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Q  
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not ica  
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretty  
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing p  
And that the Queenes kindred are ma  
How say you sir, can you deny all thi  
*Bro.* With this (My Lord) my selfe h  
*Glo.* Nought to do with Mistris *Shor*  
He that doth nought with her excepti  
Were best he do it secretly alone,  
*Bro.* What one my Lord?  
*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst th  
*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to pardon  
Your conference with the noble Duke.  
*Cla.* we know thy charge *Brokenbury*  
*Glo.* We are the Queenes Abiects an  
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,  
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me i  
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow